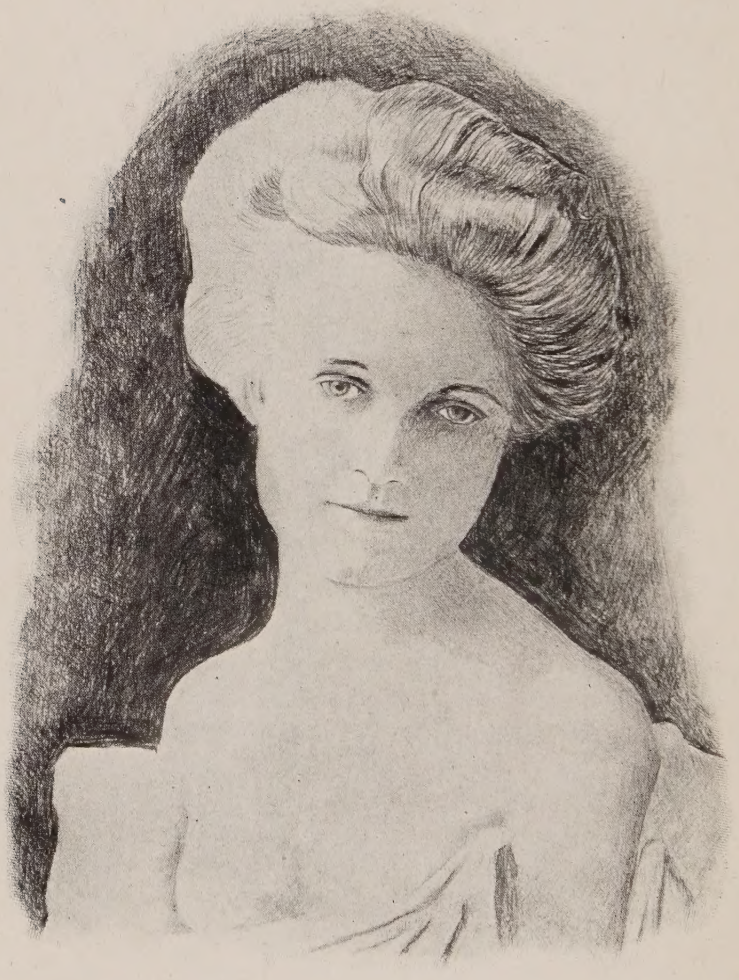
Princess Pyhcus

To Fred. D. Fonda
From your Children,
Mr. & Mrs. Jarrett Fonda
Birthday.



The Princess.

...THE PRINCESS PAPERS...

AND POEMS

BY
BEATRICE CRUMPTON

CHICAGO:
SCROLL PUBLISHING COMPANY
1901

Copyright, 1901,
By Beatrice Crumpton.

TO

MISS BERTHA REYNOLDS

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/princesspaperspo0000beat

CONTENTS

In Pensive Vein, ... 9
The Princess' Evening, ... 13
The Princess at the Opera, ... 17
The Princess Making Bread. 21
Princess at Easter, ... 25
A Royal Healer, ... 27
Neither Fools Nor Babies, ... 29
Princess of the Future, ... 33
My Dream of Poesy, ... 34
My Home, ... 35
Life's Ocean, ... 36
Autumn, ... 36
The Sacrifice, ... 37
Time, ... 38
Only a Dove, ... 39
Harvest Sounds, ... 39
Fairy Lands, ... 40
Gather the Roses, ... 41
My Sweet, ... 41
Who, ... 42
The Flower, ... 43
I'd Nothing to Cheer Me, ... 44
A Tribute to My Mother, ... 45
The First Christmas, ... 46
The First Christmas Carols, ... 46
The First Christmas Gifts, ... 47
Christmas Thoughts, ... 47
Wild Roses, ... 49
Two, ... 50
Prayer, ... 51
The Song Yet to Be Sung, ... 52
The Narcissus, ... 53
Retrospection, ... 54
Recompense, ... 55
Babydom, ... 56
The Youngest, ... 57
The Morris Chair, ... 59

PRINCESS PAPERS

IN PENSIVE VEIN.

THE princess is very pretty—dear little princess—but the word "little" must be considered only as a term of endearment, for among women she is accounted tall, with luminous dark eyes, pale olive skin, dusky hair and red lips. Her figure rounded, but not too abundant; her hands the kind I, at least, admire most; not the dimpled, cushion-tipped, pink-tinted hands, suggesting soft touches and infantile grace; but the long-fingered, satin-skinned, muscular hands.

I have made no study of hands, but such suggest to me always a helpfulness, yet most effeminate, mentality and heart. Ah! Her beauty must charm and never cloy, for more forceful than this beauty of form and feature is her mental and spiritual charm, her honor and her truth, her charity and her love.

Could I admire her so much had I never known the vain, intriguing, pretty, selfish women, whose name is legion, or the masculine woman who makes the mistake of supposing that to be strong-minded she must be loud mouthed, or the priggish woman who looks kindly but on her own counterpart? No! Oh, no! Of too coarse and common clay, I must know and admire her by comparison, but some day will be the millennium, then we

men will be of such sterling metal, so honorable and true, that each woman will be as is our princess; her honor, her truth, her tenderness as great as the demands made, justly made upon them.

"Princess' Evening."

THE PRINCESS' EVENING.

THANKS to the Princess, I divest myself of daily cares and anxieties when my top-coat slips from my shoulders. With the hanging of my hat upon the wall, I hang the troubles, great and small, that have worried me during the day; for this is home, and the Princess'—evening, and her smile, rest in her presence, silence with the hope of her voice. Practical she must have been—dear little Princess—during the day, else all the household fairies would not have contrived to make so perfect the snow and silver upon her table. Skilled and active, the slim, white fingers, for not of themselves do favorite dishes present themselves to tempt the appetite, nor all the comforts of a well-ordered home array themselves unaided for my satisfaction.

The practicality of the Princess is of the rare and beautiful type, effectual and strong, but delicate, supporting, rather than obscuring the ideality of her nature. Duty, however humble, is exalted by her loving thought and conscientious endeavor. Oh! soulful presence! such natures exemplify the possibility of grandeur in simplicity, loftiness in humility.

The twilight deepens, but the rosy gleam of imprisoned flame arrests the darkness before it is apparent. "Play for me, Princess," and the firm whiteness of her hands presses the whiteness of the keys. Melody surrounds me, the wierdness of Beethoven, the poetical fancy of Chopin, or the airy lightness of a Strauss

waltz. The Princess is in sympathy with whomsoever she endeavors to interpret. The pictured face of St. Cecelia lends its charm, and almost seems a living presence in the glow of light upon it; but far more beautiful, it seems to me, the face of her, our Princess. The tender, human beauty of her dear womanliness, as self-effaced she ministers, and through her own ideality uplifts a coarser soul.

"Princess at the Opera."

THE PRINCESS AT THE OPERA.

She is a Princess, a dear little Princess, if a trifle pert and peremptory, and her sharp little remarks have so much of truth in them that we, her subjects, listen—yes, and seldom protest. So it was not surprising that when the princess lay down her embroidery, and assuming her most earnest expression (modified somewhat by a puzzled little pucker between her pretty eyes) and spoke, I laid the evening paper down upon the table and listened.

She began by wondering. "I wonder," said the Princess, "whose fault it is, or if not a fault who is responsible."

"For what, Princess?"

The Princess stopped looking severe and looked interested (and interesting) and said she would tell me all about it. "Now, I was at the theater the other evening and, as usual, found much of my evening's pleasure in looking about, in building romances about the young people, in studying the faces of the older ones, and wondering if I was right in interpreting the facial expressions and in admiring the pretty costumes when I found them. The women with pretty faces, exquisite gowns, and glittering jewels particularly fascinate me. Are they of my world, or may it be that outside the paths of rectitude they have found their love for soft apparel and fair jewels too alluring to be resisted and have therein dwelt, bound by the fetters of their own forging?

"Now," said the Princess, "whose fault is it that these thoughts come to me—is it not because the difference is so marked?

"Why do not the gems and rich raiment mark the honored wife, the virtuous mother, the striving, self-forgetting woman, who gives her life, her strength, her smiles, her prayers, her tears for those nearest and dearest?

"Ah," repeated the Princess, "where shall we look for explanation?"

For answer I coughed, coughed again so violently that the Princess became concerned and insisted upon treating me to some lozenges, and I wondered if, perhaps, after all it was only a vagary of a very imaginative little Princess.

"Princess Making Bread."

THE PRINCESS MAKING BREAD.

The Princess was kneading bread, for she is such a capable little sovereign, not only can she reign regally and sweetly, the center of attraction in her salon, but when necessity demands she can and will provide for the comfort and well-being of those who may rightfully expect comfort at her hands.

The morning light streamed through the window, and in the strong light the cameo face of the Princess seemed to me an exquisite carving in ivory, but more enchanting, for the bright eyes and the scarlet mouth and almost imperceptible dimple in the firm white cheek told their own story of life, pulsing, warm, emotional life. The white supple fingers clasped the white mass, and with firm and rhythmic movement folded and clasped, folded and clasped, 'till it became as smooth as satin and the faint little explosion of the air bubbles played a soft accompaniment to the little hiss of the dough as it separated from the slab.

The Princess looked at me and I became receptive, for the Princess had something to say. "It is true," said the Princess, "that you must have good flour, and that means good wheat and good milling, else you cannot have good bread; and you must have used the proper amount and provided the right temperature throughout the time, and enough salt and not too much, and just shortening to make it tender, but without the little leaven, what would it all avail? The machinery and

workmanship the best so that the flour is perfect in every way, each ingredient carefully doled out and of best quality, without the leaven would be a heavy, unpalatable, indigestible mass; but with its influence, its gentle workings made known through every atom all unite, softly expand, and as if in exultation, rise in billowy whiteness over the shining confines."

The Princess paused, and I felt rather than saw her luminous eyes as she continued. "It is like life, our daily, homely life. There is the firm, sound wheat of morality, the grinding wheels of endeavor, the salt of sterling worth; but the leaven of charity, the influence of love that permeates all, softens, and lightens, and uplifts—ah! without love we are surely but a weariness; but with love and its workings, true success is ours."

I made no answer, but to my eyes she seemed an evangel, the dusky hair with the sunlight upon it, an aureole, and surely her loving presence leavened my coarser nature and in my heart I called her blessed.

"Princess at Easter."

PRINCESS AT EASTER.

The Princess stood in the little glass enclosure (which she is pleased to dignify by so pretentious a name as her "conservatory"). The air was sweet with the scent of flowers, for the plants responded kindly to her care and attested to her study of their needs by the best fulfillment of their mission to grow and blossom. The golden plumage of her pet canary took on a brighter hue as the morning sun flitted through the foliage and bathed him in its brightness, while his morning song filled the little room with harmony.

The Princess moved lovingly about the little greenery, stopping at last by the tall Easter lilies with their fully opened blossoms and their buds of promise. Her slim, white fingers flashed among the green leaves and white blossoms; her pure flower face bent tenderly over them. "Queen lily of them all," rose to my lips, for so she seemed with her slim tallness, her flower face and white fingers; but I did not utter the words. The Princess does not like compliments about her beauty. She must know that uncommon beauty is her portion.

With exquisite taste, she brings out by careful embellishments her beauty of form and feature; with true feminine instinct she enhances her charms by the care she bestows upon her beautiful self, and then dismisses the thought.

Had I broken in upon her thoughts with some fulsome compliment, the flush of displeasure would have

stained her fair face, and perhaps I could have detected a contemptuous curve to the sensitive mouth, hence I desisted nor gave voice to my admiration as I responded to her pleasant greeting.

"It is Easter morning," said the Princess, "the world is pulsing at the thought of it, and I have had such a pretty conceit about it, I must tell you. If only each lofty Easter thought was a lily, we would walk to church upon a path of fragrance, for they would lie in profusion everywhere, entirely obliterating every unsightly thing. We would go into the flower banked edifices with arms flower-laden, and kneel among their snowy blossoms for, I am sure, that on this Easter morning there can be no impure thought, no spirit of unkindness, and no remembered wrong."

Did I believe her? Ah, well! At least, it was a lofty thought and churches are not the only places to hear sermons and be benefited, and always will be with me on Easter time the memory of a pure soul looking out through beautiful dark eyes; a tender influence that led me into better thoughts, and the beautiful, human shape of the Princess as she stood among the Easter lilies and told me of her Easter thoughts.

A ROYAL HEALER.

The Princess is not brisk, while she does not lack in earnestness. The brisk woman rubs you the wrong way. She may be a most excellent person; she may wish to be most helpful, kind and efficient, but the scurry of her skirts, the patter of her feet, the abruptness of her as she bustles about, creates a restlessness in your own feelings, and if you are weary in body, confused in mind, these discomforts are increased by her well-meant briskness, and your sensations are as if you had been given a trip in a merry-go-round by some amiable, but mistaken friend.

As usual, when thinking of the Princess I think with admiration, not alone of what she is but of what she is not. It seems to be by comparison that her lovable attributes are most vividly brought out, her earnestness, her deftness, even seem more delicate and perfect when considered in juxtaposition to the briskness of other and less lovely women.

With no tedious repetitions as to "How I felt now" the Princess stepped quickly, but not gingerly, to the window, lowered the shade that the glare of the sun might not come as a ball of fire to my weary eyes, seated herself in the noiseless rocker, and banished the many tortuous sights and sounds that the tense and weary nerves may conjure up out of a seeming silence, by her own rich voice and the rhythmic motion of her body, as she swayed gently back and forth in her own

particular chair. Her long white fingers carried the shining needle and colored threads, and the blossoms grew as if by the magic of her touch over the white tissue that she held.

Perhaps she sang some song of wondrous fame and beauty, perhaps 'twas but some catchy air—the newsboy's daily whistle on the streets—I do not know. Her voice mingled with my dreams of her, her real form through closing eyelids seen, unchanged was near me in my vision. Pain vanished, distractions fled, business worries, I had none; first came content, then peace, then blest and needed boon, repose.

Awakening in dusk and solitude, with head bowed at the thoughts of her, I laid my hand caressingly upon the little sewing-chair and whispered, "All blessings upon thee, little healer, as I am blessed in thee."

NEITHER FOOLS NOR BABIES.

WHAT could be the matter with the Princess? There was a mutinous look in her dark eyes, a scornful curve to the scarlet lips, and her cheek—always so like a warm white rose—had one spot of flame that cast a roseate shading over the dimple, or over the spot where the dimple lay in wait for the smile, which was its excuse for being.

The Princess was not pouting, by no manner of means! Our Princess never forgets her princess-ship to the extent of pouting. Ordinary women pout, but the Princess looked disturbed and somewhat scornful. "Why do you treat us thus?" said the Princess. "It is humiliating." (I assume the word "you" to apply not to myself alone, but to the masculine population in general.) "As if we were babies, or fools, or both, or worse. We are not your equals, as a whole, I must admit that; I don't like to, but I must, for while I believe that there are many women who are fitted to stand shoulder to shoulder with men, with brains as clear and masterful, with nerves as steady, with insight as keen, the majority of us are not."

The roseate shadow widened, and the dimple was blotted out entirely. "You demand too little," continued the Princess, "and we are what you demand. Why do you deem it necessary to drop an interesting and improving topic as if it were accursed, and descend to silly compliments or small tittle-tattle if we women ap-

pear upon the scene? Is it necessary to look as well as to act idiotic when addressing yourselves to us in conversation? We wish to please you, God gave us that wish. Does it please you only that we are comely and can smile? No, no," continued the Princess, in contradiction (I really had not spoken, however), "I am not talking or thinking of 'women's rights,' as they are usually understood. That is another story, but believe me, the average woman is not at her best; she is satisfied to be that which is expected. Touch her pride and she will reach out toward greater achievements with the keen perception which is her birthright; she will discover when you find her wanting, and with the quick adaptation which is surely her own, she will soon fill the requirements. We want not to be men, but to cease to be babies."

Of course the Princess did not cry, but the dews of gentleness suffused the dark eyes and quenched the fire. The waves of warm color receded, and I welcomed the shallow dent in the white cheek as a harbinger of a gentle mood, as I fell to wondering how much truth there was in this gentle outburst. My vanity had not been wounded, (Oh, fair little diplomat) and as ever when the Princess speaks, my better nature was refreshed and strengthened, and more plainly could I see myself and others as the Princess and others see us.

"Princess of the Future."

PRINCESS OF THE FUTURE.

At last I am summoned into that upper room wherein she lies, my Princess. I have been waiting, waiting—waiting hours in fact—but years, ages, eternities if times could be computed by the agonies of uncertainty and suspense which have been my portion while I sat, walked, knelt in voiceless prayer for her and——

But my waiting is ended. The pompous yet kindly autocrat of that mysterious chamber has bidden me go to the Princess—and with her own dear smile she welcomes me.

Oh! She has wandered far and almost strayed away from me, and through the portals of another country, and can it be, perhaps, that one strong loving thought for one who loves her so, recalled her to her home, and to her work unfinished here below?

She has been far; but, home again, she brings with her from that mysterious journey life's choicest gift to me. "The Little Princess," then I murmured o'er the tiny form, close nestled by my dear one's side.

My happy tears baptized the child, while in my consciousness awoke the prayerful wish that she might bless the world with such a nature as her mother owns, her mother our sweet Princess——

MY DREAMS OF POESY.

Among the ships so stately,
That sail o'er the waves of time,
With a fluttering heart, and timid,
I'm launching my craft of Rhyme.

I sing when the sun is shining,
I sing when the stars are bright,
I sing when the clouds of sorrow
Make gloomy the winter night.

In my heart is a well of gladness,
A thankfulness for my birth,
A spirit of joy and singing,
That bears me away from earth.

Away to the land of summer,
Away from all thoughts of care,
Where the soil of toil comes never,
Where dwellings are built of air.

So I sing of the idle fancies
That flock through a willing brain;
Forgetting my heart is heavy,
Forgetting the falling rain.

Though my songs are only singing,
Nor teach of the great and the good,
I surely shall be contented
To know they are understood.

And among the gifts, God given,
Thank God for the gift of song,

For it keeps me from other pleasures,
And holds me away from wrong.

I can roam in the land of Poesy,
Where the blossoms eternal bloom,
Forgetting the world and sorrow,
Forgetting the chill and gloom.

MY HOME.

I've built me a wonderful home,
'Tis a palace of fabulous size;
For it rests on God's footstool, the earth,
And reaches the star-spangled skies.

It has terraces, windows and halls;
It has recesses, arches and doors;
The gems from Brazilian mines
Are sunk in its beautiful floors.

Its pillars are marble and gold,
In exquisite workmanship wrought,
Rare paintings and tapestry fine,
My uncounted riches have bought.

Aeolian harps never fail
To chant me their winsome refrain,
Or I press on the ivory keys,
And coax forth a beautiful strain.

Have you seen it—this beautiful home,
This castle that's builded of air,
With naught to mar or deface,
And all surpassingly fair?

The gems by my fancy are coined,
  The paintings in memory's hall,
The music is only the wind,
  The castle is air, that is all.

LIFE'S OCEAN.

Wind-driven clouds of darkness all around me,
  Beneath me water many fathoms deep,
My pathway dark, the angry waves surround me,
  About my bark the angry billows leap.

It is life's ocean and its wrongs assail me,
  And I am weak, discouraged and alone,
But ruleth One above that never fails me,
  He watcheth kindly ever o'er his own.

Oh! tender, loving God-heart that enfolds me,
  Let not the angry billows over roll,
Lose all my weakness in the strength that holds me,
  Oh! let me not make shipwreck of my soul.

AUTUMN.

'Tis with a golden scepter Autumn reigns,
  She comes into her own with regal sign.
With soft, voluptuous graces Autumn deigns
  To grant retreating Summer smiles benign.

We hear her soft, prophetic sigh, and know
  That trembling 'mong the branches of the trees
There is a promise of the Winter's snow,
  As whispered by the dying Summer breeze.

We find the purple asters flaunting where
  Among the daisies we but lately trod,
And as the royal wand of Autumn, there
  Blooms bravely in our path the goldenrod.

In gold and purple comes our royal maid,
  With one accord we greet her as a queen,
As one assured of welcome, unafraid,
  Upon the throne of vanquished Summer seen.

THE SACRIFICE.

We did not remember when Love was born,
  But smiling and sweet he before us lay
As tender as twilight, bright as morn.
  We clasped him close and bade him stay.

The child of our friendship—we called it so—
  Friendship, and thoughts of the selfsame things.
Such joy, as we knew not mortals could know,
  Was born to our hearts on the cherub's wings.

But one long look in each other's eyes,
  As ever one thought, and the same sad thought,
We knew there must be a sacrifice,
  Our joy was with conscience and honor bought.

But Love was faithful and would not go,
  He held us fast, and he pleaded well,
He whispered, "Without me there is but woe,
  I stay and such rapture no tongue can tell."

Love would not go, so again one look
  We read in each other's eyes his doom,

His home in our hearts we must not brook,
  Where his home had been, we must make his tomb.

We willed it so, and Love lies dead.
  No more we look in each other's eyes,
And far apart are the paths we tread,
  But we cannot forget the sweet sacrifice.

TIME.

Time, the extortionist, took from me
  Treasures I counted as mine by right,
Youth, and beauty, and heart as free
As thistle-down or foam of the sea,
  Or the swallows in their flight.

Time, the destroyer, with vandal hand,
  Shattered my idols, and cast away
Blind belief and a faith in all,
That once invaded is past recall,
  Brief dream of a summer day.

Time, the beneficent, filled my soul
  With trophies, grander than gems of youth,
With lofty purposes held through years,
Through sun of smiles and showers of tears,
  And the priceless pearl of truth.

Time, the restorer, brought back to me
  Greater boons than he snatched away,
The days gone by as rosary beads
Mark prayers to suit my present needs,
  As striving I learn to pray.

ONLY A DOVE.

Only a dove with silvery wings,
  A spot of white in the summer air;
Only a feathered bit of life,
  Only a dove with plumage rare.

But the snowy bird is a messenger,
  She brings me news from beyond the sea;
She brings me the olive branch of love,
  She tells me that some one is true to me.

She tells me that I am dearer yet,
  Dearer than I have been before;
She tells me a home is waiting for me,
  And I shall be lone no more.

Oh, dove with the snowy wings,
  Fly back to that foreign clime;
Tell him I'll be his loving bride,
  That my love shall last with time.

Some day thou shalt rest, my dove,
  We shall rest in our own fair home.
With you, my bird, and my lover,
  Rest, never again to roam.

HARVEST SOUNDS.

Cheerfully sounding o'er mead and vale,
Echoing lightly o'er hill and dale,
All unmarred by a sob or a wail
  I hear the mowers singing.

Whistling boys and shouting men
Sound their carols from field and glen,
Filling the air with mirth again,
The while the reapers singing.

Prattling children among the hay,
Ruddy grow in the sun's bright ray,
That glints, and glimmers, and gleams away,
So brightly and warmly beaming.
Harvest apples like lumps of gold,
Hidden lie in grassy fold,
Close to the gnarled, old trunk are rolled,
The earth with gladness teeming.

FAIRY LAND.

In the land of sweet fancy I roam,
I build me a beautiful home,
I build it of sunshiny hours,
And converse I hold with the flowers.

I people my valley with dreams,
And dress it with mountains and streams.
Each dream is an angel of light,
Each brooklet is silver and white.

The trees and the mountains are mist,
The fountains by elfins are kissed,
The clouds are the thoughts of an hour,
The sunlight is genius in power.

Why dwell ye with mortals of clay?
I bid you in dreamland to stay.
Your heart is guileless of wrong,
Your lips must be fragrant with song.

GATHER THE ROSES.

Gather the roses while dewdrops still linger,
  Pluck the sweet blossoms that greet you in May.
Oh, do not wait till the petals are withered,
  Thinking the blossoms forever will stay.

Live in the sunlight while summer is with you,
  Open the shutters and let in the light.
Oh, do not wait till the snowflakes are falling,
  Thinking that summer will never take flight.

Gather the roses of joy and of gladness,
  In your heart keeping the sunlight of love,
Till where there's sunlight and roses forever,
  You may enjoy them forever above.

MY SWEET.

Drift on drift of snowy clouds,
  Like your brow, so pearly white,
In the azure float along,
  Like your eyes as blue and bright.

Crimson petaled roses bloom,
  In your cheek the selfsame hue,
Deeper tinted in the bud
  Of your lips a semblance true.

Ivy round my cottage twines,
  So your heart is twined with mine;
Graceful tendrils clasp the trees;
  Greater grace than this is thine.

Every cloud, and vine, and flower
  Brings me thoughts of thee, my sweet,
Thou art all that's pure and fair,
  In thy woodland home retreat.

WHO.

Oh, who could tint the sky above,
  With a lovelier hue than blue,
Oh, where's the hand that could paint a flower
  In a color that would be new?

Oh, who could rear a statelier tree
  Than grows in our forest now;
Or who could dress it in greener leaves,
  Than tremble on every bough?

Oh, who could give to the little brook
  A brighter crystal and flash,
Or who could give to the sea a wave,
  With a fury new to dash?

Or who could brighten a drop of dew,
  That rests in the crimson rose;
Or who could give to the mountain range
  New beauty or change of pose?

If only a word was now required,
  Or a thought to change this earth,
Oh, where is a brain that's great enough
  To give to the thought its birth?

Then sing aloud with every joy,
  For the beauties round about,
And for this earth that is broad and fair,
  Your thanks forever shout.

THE FLOWER.

I have read in books of the olden time
  Of a workman of cunning hand,
Who wrought a song of his own fresh heart,
  Out of the yellow, golden sand.

He chained the music that dwells in sound,
  Till the masters of the art
Saw, made only by a goldsmith's hand,
  The ideal song of the heart.

And I sighed as I read, I could not but say,
  "Oh, would that these dwell below,
Who could the mysteries of God
  In such a manner show.

"For we are weak, and that we may see,
  And that we may see and understand,
Must have the spiritual chained to earth,
  And touch it with the hand."

As I pondered thus, a voice within
  Spoke thus, "But pluck that flower;
Is it not a symbol of purity, of mystery and power;

Does it not tell thee, skeptic heart,
  That above there reigneth One,
Who guides each planet in its path,
  And lights the glaring sun."

Can he, with reason well endowed,
  Doubt of the higher power?
  If he gazes silently upon one little flower,

In it is chained the evidence
To melt a skeptic's heart.
Enough of Him, who dwells above,
Great knowledge to impart.

I'D NOTHING TO CHEER ME.

The great heaving ocean,
The waves all commotion,
Was round me that dark, stormy day.
My sky was all clouded,
The bright sun was shrouded,
My heart too despairing to weep or to pray.

My ark was so dreary,
And I was so weary,
Was watching and writing a long, darksome while.
I'd nothing to cheer me,
No loving one near me
The long stormy hours to kindly beguile.

I op'ed wide the shutter,
And with a soft flutter,
My dove soared aloft, far out of my sight,
Then I ceased my sighing,
My sorrow and crying,
And watched the pure bird with throb of delight.

Back, back she is winging,
The olive branch bringing,
Oh, tender and beautiful promise of green,
There's verdure remaining,
'Midst dark clouds raining,
Oh, snowy white voyager, where hast thou been?

Those clouds were my sorrow,
No hope of a morrow,
Brought happiness into my rough, thorny path.
The dark, surging ocean,
The ceaseless commotion
Of sin and of sorrow, of anguish and wrath.

And, oh, beyond measure,
The worth of that treasure,
My heart, 'mid the throes of its agony found,
When bruised and broken,
Was healed by this token,
That kindness and love in the world yet abound.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

I said, "good painter, paint for me
A picture I will love,
I care not where the model be,
On earth—beneath—above.

"But paint it so that when I look
Some memory I'll recall,
And think you've taken it for me,
From out of memory's hall."

I said, "Sweet poet, write for me
A bubbling of rhyme,
That I may think you sing to me
A strain of olden time.

"I care not if the song be short,
I care not if it's long,
But let me think it is my heart
Burst out in glorious song."

The painter did my bidding well,
  The poet spoke one word,
But it awakened memories
  As soon as it was heard.

The painter on the canvas had
  My mother's face portrayed,
My mother's name in accents low,
  Was what the poet said.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

In the lowly chamber they laid the child,
  In the stall where the oxen fed,
And the humble spot was glorified
  By the halo around his head.

And Christmas, the first that ever was known,
  Was there in the cattle's stall;
In the lowly stable Christ was born,
  The Savior for one and all.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

There were angels without that sweetly sang,
  "Peace on earth—to men good will."
For a Savior was born unto the world,
  And their souls with joy did fill.

The Christmas carols—the first e'er sung,
  Rang out on the clear, pure air;
They sang of the grace and glory of God,
  And the Christ child cradled there.

THE FIRST CHISTMAS GIFTS.

And travelers came from far and near,
  And sought where the young child lay,
But none could tell till a star appeared,
  And guided them all the way.

The Christmas gifts—the very first—
  Were myrrh and glittering gold.
The wise men knelt by the little child,
  And the treasures there unrolled.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

'Tis Christmas morning, listen!
The air resounds with bells,
  And every chime,
  As they ring in rhyme,
The birth of a Savior tells.

And before us, shining brightly,
A gate with golden bars;
  Beyond us lies,
  As a glad surprise,
New hopes, and the morning stars.

With our eager hands extended
To open the shining gate,
  We linger yet,
  With a vague regret,
And 'mong the memories sadly wait.

For is there beyond its portal,

In the New Year's coming days,
  The loving smile,
  That care beguiles,
That have gladdened us with their rays.

The road looks so fair, unbroken,
And far up the pleasant slope,
  There's a May-day throng,
  And birds with songs,
And the flaunting flower of Hope.

The west is gray with morning,
And crimson the eastern glow;
  Our smiles are sweet,
  But with tears replete,
For those whom we used to know.

Young feet have tired and faltered,
And pitying angel hands
  In heavenly love,
  Reached from above
And bore them to other lands.

But the gate swings wide before us,
The bells are sounding clear,
  And morning light
  Brings a glad delight,
Beyond smiles the fair New Year.

Peace on earth! Aye, joy in Heaven.
To men, good will. Amen.
  With the evening stars
  The golden bars
Of the portals will close again.

And, oh! For the love of mercy,

To gladden the face of care.
Let smlies like gems
Of rare diadems,
Shine forth on us everywhere.

WILD ROSES.

The rose trees are bending in modest grace,
As if to hide from the world a face,
So glowing in pink in the sunlight's gleam,
And brighter grow with the noonday beam.

The velvety rose of a crimson hue,
Has bathed her petals in the morning dew,
And vies in beauty the golden one
That stole her beauty from out the sun.

The single bloom of the briar tree,
Is shedding its perfume rare but free,
And the flaunting pink of the Prairie Queen,
O'er lattice of window and door is seen.

The pink and red of the tinted flower,
That blooms so fair in the ladies' bower,
Is hiding its buds in a filmy frame,
And takes from the woodland moss its name.

The blushing bride of a summer day,
Steals from her girlish friends away,
And plucks with fingers fair and sweet,
A rose as white as the winter's sleet.

But I hie away to the thorny hedge,
To cull the treasures along its edge,

Dwarf trees of brightest tint of green,
Where blossoms and buds abound, are seen.

Some white, some pink, some red as fire,
But each one suits my heart's desire;
I pluck them and think of my childhood past,
So like the blossoms—too sweet to last.

My hands I fill and my home is blest,
For they quiet my feverish, vague unrest,
They take one back to those happy days,
Where naught of discord or sorrow stays.

Oh, Lord, I thank Thee for these dear flowers,
These sweet reminders of happy hours;
They wither while yet in my hands they are,
But the door to memory they leave ajar.

TWO.

The one stands pensive, smilingly,
And looks, if backward, on her youth,
If forward, to declining years and age,
To partings, and the abode of truth.

Silent and thoughtful, ah, no dirth of thought,
For all of life with loving is replete—
With blessing others all about her way,
Such memories are fragrant now and sweet.

Thoughtful, sorry too, in her sweet loving way,
That she has sometimes been misunderstood,
Regrets in tender conscientiousness and tears,
That all her works have not been counted good.

Oh, beauteous womanhood! In thee I see
  Friendship, and truth, maternal love combined.
Oh, friend and sister! Every stricken one
  May in thee comfort, loving kindness find.

The other slumbers peacefully and smiles,
  Or wakes with blue, wide-open, wonder eyes,
And looks on tinsel toys or blooming flower,
  With startled laughter or a glad surprise.

Will sob with grief if tender finger-tips
  Are wounded by the thorns about a rose;
If weary, some sweet senseless lullaby
  Will hush the wailing into calm repose.

God bless them, guide them—one for what is done,
  The other for the battles sure to come;
And may the Savior love sustain each heart,
  And His own arm receive them to His home.

Two faces, beautiful, fair and mild
  I see, but see less plainly for the loving tears.
May every day that passes bless my hopes,
  And every hour dispell as mist my fears.

PRAYER.

A network, maybe, of most brilliant thought,
  Bedecked with words, like shining beads,
With beauteous phrases, finely wrought,
  To sue for pardon, or express our needs.

Or joined to organ's mellifluous tone,
  Rich voices with God-given gift of song

Rise quivering to Almighty's throne,
  Beseeching pardon for our every wrong.

From lips in learning steeped for years,
  In choicest language—cultured, calm—
May voice thanksgiving, tell our fears,
  With cadence thrilling as a tender psalm.

No less a prayer, when mutely penitent,
  Prostrate we fall, and breathing agony
Through choking sobs our message sent,
  For mercy and forgiveness, we may cry.

Or, through the dragging hours of the night
  When sleep comes not to ease our pain,
We see our Savior with our spirit's sight,
  And gather strength to meet the day again.

One word, or but an outstretched hand,
  Eyes heavy with our unshed tears;
Ah! Think you not but He will understand.
  And in His loving God-heart lose our fears.

Prayer, 'tis the voicing of a need
  To Him, acknowledged center of all good;
Dissolved in loving tribute every creed—
  Each heart's own language of Him understood.

THE SONG YET TO BE SUNG.

There's a beautiful song that is yet to be sung;
  The soul of the singer is faint with desire,
The harp that is longed for is yet unstrung,
  The songs are awaiting a heavenly choir.

In the brain of the poet there dormant lies
  Such verses as mortals have never heard.
They will burst from his lips as a glad surprise,
  Fulfillment of rhythm so long deferred.

Of beautiful landscapes the painter dreams,
  But elusive, they vanish with waking eyes;
Such verdure, such mountains, such sparkling streams
  Belong to a country beyond the skies.

Somewhere is a love freed from passion's dross.
  Sometime must perfection in all be attained.
There must be a state of gain without loss,
  There must be a heaven—'tis so ordained.

THE NARCISSUS.

It was brown and unattractive,
  Nor was there aught to show
That from so dull a promise
  A fulfillment bright would grow.

But in its dull brown bosom
  Were imprisoned germs of grace,
And obeying God's own order,
  Reaching upward found its place.

Just the warm earth and the sunshine,
  And the shower—that was all;
Save the influence of the hidden
  That is gone in Nature's call.

Why the sunshine, why the shower,
  The Narcissus does not know,

But acceptance is its mission,
Rooted in the earth below.

So I pray in human fashion
For a spark of love divine
That will stir the germs of beauty
In this earth-bound soul of mine.

RETROSPECTION.

Sometimes when the tasks of the moment
Are rolled by fulfillment away;
In the cool blessed calm of the evening,
That follows the heat of the day,
I steal softly up to my chamber,
And shut out the noise and the light,
Alone I can revel in thinking
My thoughts, be they somber or bright.

It is then in this hour of indulgence,
I blot out the present—and all
But the scenes and the thoughts of that moment,
Forevermore dearest of all.
When close in your dear arms I nestled,
And felt your warm breath in my face,
I would barter today my hope, dearest,
To rest once again in that place.

Oh, bright as the sun on the mountain,
Where all else is bleak and austere,
Is this the gem in my memory's casket,
For the love that casts out every fear.
Was yours, and was mine for one moment,
Albeit the joy could not wait—

We breathed but one word ere we parted—
  Kismet—and we knew it was fate.

But fate, even fate cannot rob me
  Of this blessed hour of the day,
When, every known duty accomplished,
  I steal to my chamber away.
In the coolness, and calm, and silence,
  I live in the thought of that hour,
When leagues of unkind circumstances
  Were routed by love's fervid power.

RECOMPENSE.

There are no depths beyond my depths of sorrow,
  There are no heights above my joy today;
I have no hope of respite on the morrow,
  No vain regrets for any yesterday.

The price I pay for this one hour's completeness
  Is vast, and well I knew it long ago,
But for this moment of most perfect sweetness
  I gladly drink the dregs of bitterest woe.

So welcome, rapture, joy and gladness,
  A thousand times well worth the awful cost,
And welcome, anguish, woe and sadness,
  For gain so great, there must be something lost.

BABYDOM.

You must find it hard to understand,
But Babydom is a wonderful land—
There are humble babies and babes of degree,
Yet each is the monarch of all, you see,
In Babydom—babies' land.

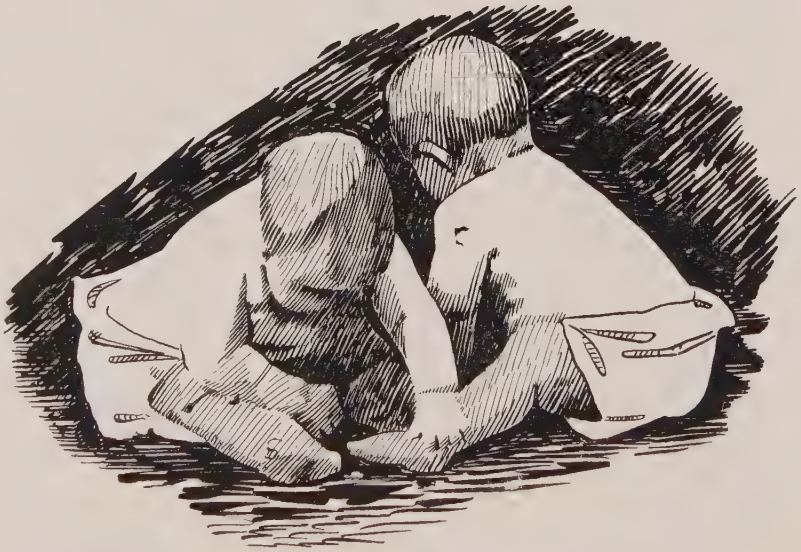
Think you 'tis a limited monarchy—
This land with its limitless boundary?
Such despots, such tyrants are seldom seen,
And each inhabitant is a king or a queen,
In Babydom—fair country.

Sometimes they are hostile—but, be it so,
In all the world over they've never a foe.
The master of castle or dweller in tent,
The blithest of mortals, or sad malcontent,
Once ruled Babydom, you know.

THE YOUNGEST.

When "His Royal Nibs"—the youngest,
Awakes with the morning's light,
And lifts the gold-fringed curtains
From eyes that are starry bright,
His close-cropped head he raises
And looks for his little chair,
For upon that throne reposes
The clothes for "His Nibs" to wear.

If he sees, with the wee cloth trousers,



"Child Poems."

Some frills, laced-edged and white,
With hose that are black and speckless,
And shoes that are polished bright,
He sighs with a sage prescience
As he thinks of the Sunday's calm,
But the thought of the evening story
Consoles for the morning psalm.

But when with the trim, laced sweater
And the suit of home-spun gray,
The stout little boots for service
Stand out in the sturdiest way,
"His Nibs" makes a little grimace
Of mingled disgust and joy,
For kingship is shared in the schoolroom
With many another boy.

But, oh, when all else surmounting
Are his overalls, stanch and true,
"His Nibs" gives a shout of triumph
For his denim's beloved blue.
Each day of the week has its solace
With its limited scepter and throne,
But Saturday's dearer than other,
When the king comes into his own.

THE MORRIS CHAIR.

It seems to be but a Morris chair
When "His Nibs" is not about,
But a wonderful metamorphosis there
When he comes in with a shout.
He clambers into its roomy seat

And seizes the ribbon reins;
The bells are real—the snow a cheat—
As he skims over the plains.

Perhaps instead of a gallant sleigh
'Tis a ship with a snowy sail;
The carpet is ocean enough for play,
It is easy to plan then a gale.
So "His Nibs" is a sailor brave and true,
Who always comes safe to port.
With treasures vast and a valiant crew,
And oh! what elegant sport!

Sometimes indeed 'tis the fast express
With passengers glad and gay;
If you watch "His Nibs" you can surely tell
Just which is the favorite play.
But evening comes ere the boy's aware,
And he longs for a cosy nap,
So mamma must sit in the Morris chair,
And "His Nibs" must sit on her lap.

Y0-CIP-098